

GANG BUSTERS

10¢

FOUR COLOR COMIC

No. 24



W. F. - 1941 H. L. Inc.

68 PAGES
IN FULL COLOR



WEB COMIC
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GANG BUSTERS

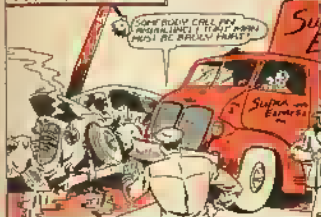
BASED ON
PHILLIP H. LOED'S
FAMOUS RADIO
FEATURE...

THE STORY OF "DODGER" WILLIS,
THE ONE MAN CHASE WIFE IS A
PERFECT EXAMPLE OF HOW
SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION
WIVES AN ENTICING
NET THAT KILLS IN ONE OF
THE COUNTRY'S COLD BLOODED
MURDERERS....



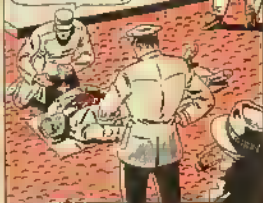
COPY 1148, BY PHILLIP H. LOED, INC.

IT'S A BUSY INTERSECTION IN
DOWNTOWN EL PASO!



"SOMEBODY CALL AN
AMBULANCE! THAT MAN
MUST BE BADLY HURT!"

WE'LL DRIVE TO GET I TELL MARY
TO THE HOSPITAL! SHE'LL BE
YOU ONLY COME BACK
DEFINITELY THERE!



THE POLICE CHECKUP DISCLOSES
THAT THE VICTIM, JIMMY WILLIS, KNOWN
AS "DODGER," IS WANTED FOR
MURDER IN EL PASO, TEXAS!

THIS IS GAY, AND YOU
WON'T ESCAPE, DODGER!

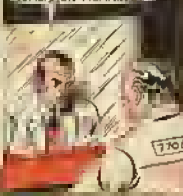


IN EL PASO, TEN MONTHS LATER,
WILLIS IS SENT BACK TO WORK ON
THE STATE MOTOR!

THIS SUNSHINE AND KETCH
BUTS GREAT STUFF—BORN
CUTTER WOULD'S NOT SURELY
MURDER I'LL HAVE SOMETHING
TO TELL HIM!



HEY, DODGER, I'LL BE
WITH YOU SEVEN SHARP
TOMORROW MORNING!



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GANG BUSTERS

THE NEXT MORNING, WILL IS
RILED BY DUFFY. PUTS
HIS PLAN INTO
SUCCESSFUL ACTION!!



I DON'T LIKE YOUR TASTE IN
CLOTHES, BUT YOU CAN'T SOME
COME IN HANDY HE LLS
HIE BSA FKS!

OH YOU IN THE SUIT?
WELL AFTER WE TURN
OFF THIS JOINT TONIGHT,
YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF
DOUGH TO BUY CLOTHES!



AFTER DRINKING
HLL EVENING

GET 'EM UP STUPID!
AND DON'T SQUAWK!
GET IT?

OKAY...
LET'S GO!



IT'S BETTER ROAD FOR
MEXICO - RIGHT - TRIGHT
ACROSS THE - SENT!

THAT'S WHAT
WAS GONNA
SENT!



TRUE TO HIS COLORS -
WILL IS TURNING GREEN!!

THI IS WHERE YOU
LEAVE DUFFY!!
'WHY? GET OUT!



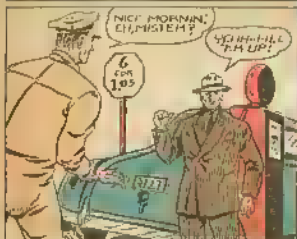
WILL LEAVES HIS CAR IN THE DESERT
THIRTY MILES FROM THE NEAREST
TOWN

SO LONG, DUFFY.
DON'T DRINK
TOO MUCH BEER!



GANG BUSTERS

WILLIS HEADED INTO MEXICO THEN TURNED NORTH AT THE BORDER AND CROSSED INTO ARIZONA GOING THROUGH THE TOWN OF BISBEE....



NICE MORNIN' CH, MISTER?

YEAH—HILL T.M. UP!

SHE TOOK TEN CASH TONS....

HEY?—WITH—!!

GUY INSIDE FINIA LCH, FY OUT YOUR TILL!

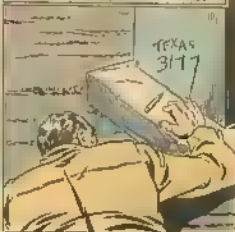


YOU CHEAP CROOK! YOU WON'T GET MY "OOR HINN"...

I WON'T, HEY?



AS THE MURDERER'S CRASHED AWAY THE DANCING GAS STATION ATTENTION, WILKINSON ED THE LICENSE NUMBER ON THE SHIRT OF THE GAS HINN—!!



A TOURIST CAMP ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BISBEE...



OHAY, I'LL TAKE IT—AND I'LL BE BELIEVING IT TALL THIS AFTERNOON!

THIS SUIT AINT SO HOT, BUT ITS BETTER THAN THIS BAG DUFFY LOANED ME. BY THE WAY—I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT SAP!



BACK IN HIGHLAND CITY CHIEF WILKINSON FOLLOWS THE LATEST NEWS OF THE BRUTAL MURDER AND THE DANCING GARD GANG ESCAPE, A CRIME THAT MADE NEWS-PRINT HEADLINES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.



CALL THE AIRPORT—I'M GOING TO FLY TO EL PASO!

GANG BUSTERS

QUICKLY, CHIEF WINSLOW ASSEMBLED
THE AGENTS AND IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE AGENT AT A SOON PACKED
ILLUS IN A BUS.

THIS LICENSE PLATE NUMBER
WAS ISSUED TO A HENRY
JAFF. BUT THE POLICE HAVE
NOT COULD OF HIM KNOWING
THE BUREAU IS THE MAN
WHO WOULD WILL TO
TO ESCAPE.

THE GROUND FROM HERE
BACK TO EL PASO MUST BE
THOROUGHLY COVERED—
THIS MAN MUST BE
A VALUABLE PIECE OF
EVIDENCE IF WE CAN
FIND HIM!

"MY CAR IS AT
YOUR DISPOSAL,
CHIEF."

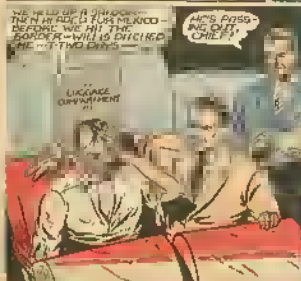
"ANY'S, BUT I'M USING
PLANE. SHERIFF
WE CAN'T WASTE
ANY TIME!"



WE HAVEN'T SEEN A LIVING THING
FOR TWENTY MILES! NO ONE
COULD LIVE LONG IN A DRY
WASTE LIKE THIS!

GATES—TELL THE
PILOT TO LAND!
I SEE A MAN
STUMPING ALONG
DOWN THERE!

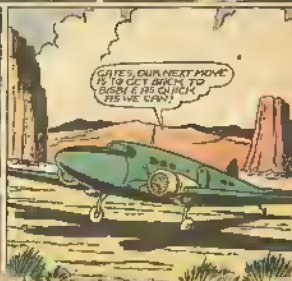
THE PLANE OF
CACTUS SHOWN WITH US



WE WERE UP A JARROCK
THEN IN A DRY FISH MEXICO—
BEFORE WE HIT THE
BORDER—WHICH IS DIVIDED
THE TWO DAYS

HIS PASS-
ING OUT
CHIEF!

LIKE
COURTNEY
AT



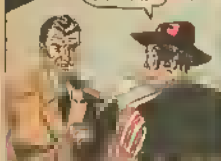
GATES, OUR NEXT MOVE
IS TO GET BACK TO
BOSTON AS QUICK
AS WE CAN!

GANG BUSTERS

WILLIS, GETTING READY TO LEAVE THE TOURIST CABIN, CALLED IN THE OWNER—

"THE MIDNIGHTLY LMA IS OUT OF ORDER. ANYONE WHO OF THE ESCORT (MURK) I AM LEV?"

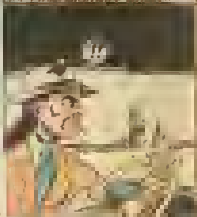
"YEA, THE POLICE JUST PICKED UP THE MIDNIGHTLY LMA IN THE DECEIT. THEY HAVE ALL THE MOORS BLOCKED. HE WON'T GET THAT."



"DUFFY SURE AS HELL... I THOUGHT TWO DAYS IN THE DESERT WOULD KILL THAT BUNNY!"



IN A FEW MORE ATTEMPTS TO GET OUT OF THE UNITED STATES, WILLIS HENDS FOR THE MEXICAN BORDER, JEOPARDIZING THE SAFETY OF THE BACK MOORS HE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE MIDNIGHTLY LMA—

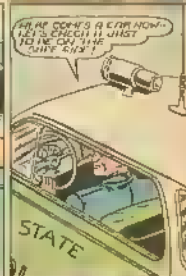


"THIS IS A MIDNIGHTLY LMA! TO BE WARNING FOR A WHILE EARLIER, NO MORE!"

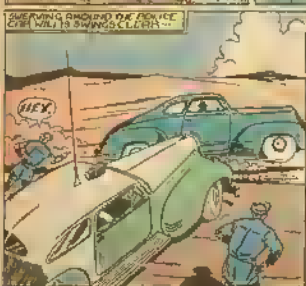
"YOU CAN NEVER TELL WHEN HE WILL BE HERE! HE'S NOT HERE YET, BUT HE'S NOT HERE YET!"



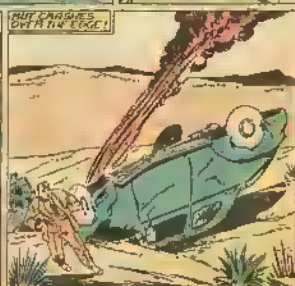
"COPPER! WILLIS, THEY'VE BEEN TO CHASE ME!"



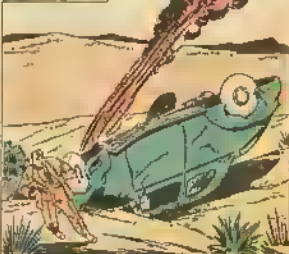
"WILLIS COMES A LITTLE NOW... LET'S CHECK IF JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE!"



SWEARING AND SHOUTING FOR POLICE, WILLIS SWINGS CLEAR—



BUT LMA'S ON THE EDGE!



GANG BUSTERS

"THAT CRIMINAL—HE
REMOVED JOHN WILLIS
FROM THE GAME—CHAS
IS WHO GOT HIM
BLAZING ON SHUTTLE
TRAIN! AS WILL
BE PROVE THESE!"



"HE'S GOT MORE
THINGS AND HE'LL
NEED 'EM ALL!"



"BUT YOUR
GUN WILL BE
BROKE DOWN!"

"COME ON—
GET ME—
COPPERS!"

CHIEF WINSTON ARRIVES
AT ROUTE 23...



"THAT NO CHANCE IS—WITH
HIM THOUGH—HE'LL
BEAT ME!"



"I'LL MAKE THOSE
FLATFEET KNOW
THEY'VE MET
JIM WILLIS!"

WILLIS IS STOPPED—THE
ONLY WAY HE WANTED
TO BE STOPPED!



"DUFFY LIVED THROUGH HIS
ORDEAL IN THE DESERT
ONLY TO PAY THE EXTREME
PENALTY THREE MONTHS
LATER—HE KNEW THAT
CRIME DOES
NOT PAY!"

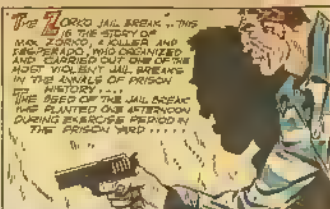


GANG BUSTERS

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BASED ON
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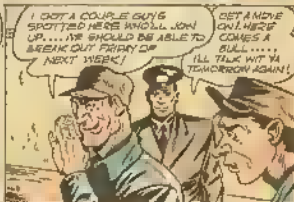


THE ZORKO JAIL BREAK... THIS IS THE STORY OF MAX ZORKO, A KILLER AND ESCAPER, WHO ORGANIZED AND CARRIED OUT ONE OF THE MOST VIOLENT JAIL BREAKS IN THE ANNALS OF PRISON HISTORY... THE USED OF THE JAIL BREAK WAS PLANNED OUT AFTERNOON DURING EXERCISE PERIOD IN THE PRISON YARD....



WHEN DO YOU PLAN TO ESCAPE, ZORKO?

I GOT FRIENDS ON THE OUTSIDE WHO'LL GET OUTS IN TO US WHEN I GIVE THEM THE WORD... WE GOTTA GET A COUPLE MORE GUYS TO JOIN UP FIRST!



I GOT A COUPLE GUYS SPOTTED HERE WHO'LL JOIN UP... WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO BREAK OUT FRIDAY OF NEXT WEEK!

GET A MOVE ON! HERE COMES A BULL.... I'LL TALK WITH YA TOMORROW AGAIN!

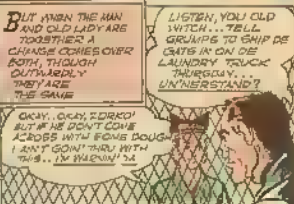


ZORKO AND THE WEASEL LAY CAREFUL PLANS DURING THE ENSUING DAYS... DURING THE SUNDAY VISITING PERIOD A LITTLE OLD LADY COMES TO SEE ZORKO

HERE'S YOUR OLD LADY, ZORKO!

MAX... MAX MY BOY... COME HERE!

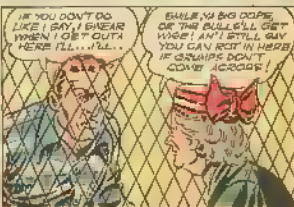
AH, MOM... NOT SO LOUD!



BUT WHEN THE MAN AND OLD LADY ARE TOGETHER A CHANGE COMES OVER BOTH, THOUGH OUTWARDLY THEY ARE THE SAME

LISTEN, YOU OLD WITCH... TELL GRUMPS TO SHIP DE GATS IN ON DE LAUNDRY TRUCK THURSDAY... UN'NERSTAND?

OKAY... OKAY, ZORKO! BUT IF HE DON'T COME ACROSS WITH SOME DOUGH I AIN'T GOIN' THRU WITH THIS... I'M WARNIN' YA



IF YOU DON'T DO LIKE I SAY, I SWEAR WHEN I GET OUTA HERE I'LL...

SWELL YA BIG DOPE, OR THE BULLS'LL GET WISE! AN' I STILL GUY YOU CAN ROT IN HERE IF GRUMPS DON'T COME ACROSS!

GANG BUSTERS

BUT GRUMPS DID COME ACROSS... AND THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AS THE LAUNDRY TRUCK ROLLS IN, ZORKO IS WAITING, HAVING BEEN ASSIGNED A DETAIL IN THE YARD.

HERE IT IS! DOSE GATS BETTER BE ON IT!

ZORKO! COME OVER HERE AND HELP UNLOAD THIS LAUNDRY!

YES, SIR!

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GO AFTER DOSE GATS!

PAKING A GLIP, ZORKO LETS THE BUNDLE ROLL UNDER-NEATH THE TRUCK!

OOOOPS! TRIPPED UP! HOPE I DIDN'T DONTY DE LAUNDRY!

WELL, GET UNDER DE AND PICK IT UP, YOU CLUMBY GALLOOT!

TRIED TO RE-AXLE, ZORKO FINDS THE GUNGLED GUNS AND QUICKLY CUTS THEM LOOSE....

THE GUNS, CONCEALED INSIDE HIS SHIRT, AND COVERED BY THE LAUNDRY DO NOT AROUSE THE SUSPICION OF THE GUARDS!

DIDYA GET DEM, ZORKO?

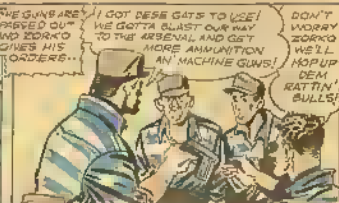
YEAH, YEAH... FOLLOW ME! WE'RE GONNA MAKE OUR BREAK NOW!

GANG BUSTERS



WOW! FOLLOW ME!
WE'RE LAIMIN'
NOW!

GREAT! LUCKY'S
DOWN THE HILL
POLISHIN' DOOR
KNOBS!

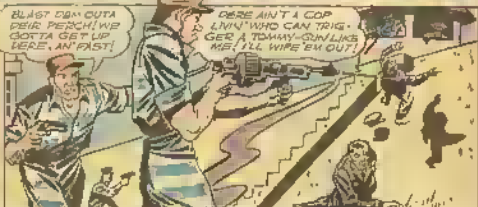


THE GUNS ARE
"PACKED OUT"
AND ZORKO
GIVES HIS
ORDERS..

I GOT DESE GATS TO USE!
WE GOTTA BLAST OUR WAY
TO THE ARSENAL AND GET
MORE AMMUNITION
AN' MACHINE GUNS!

DON'T
WORRY
ZORKO
WE'LL
HOP UP
DEM
RATTIN'
BULLS!

SPILLING THE
BLOOD OF
GUARDS AND
PRISONERS
ALIKE ZORKO
AND HIS GANG
BLAST THEIR WAY
TO THE ARSENAL.
LOAD THEMSELVES
WITH AMMU-
NITION AND
MACHINE GUNG
AND CHARGE
THE
PRISON
GATE....



BLAST DEM OUTA
DEIR PERCH! WE
GOTTA GET UP
HERE, AN' FAST!

DERE AINT A COP
LVIN' WHO CAN TRIG-
GER A TOMMY-GUN LIKE
ME! I'LL WIPE 'EM OUT!

COVERED BY
WEASEL'S
DEADLY MACHINE-
GUN FIRE, THE
GANG SPEED
ACROSS THE
YARD AND RUSH
THE TOWER!

DERE'S A
COUPLE OF
GUARDS! GET
DEM!!

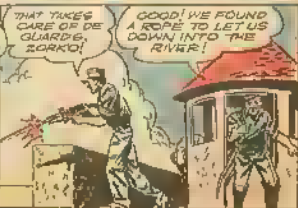
OWH! TURNIN'
YELLA ON US!
I'VELL, D'ELL
FIX YA!!

NO! DON'T
ZORKO! OWH!
YOU.. YOU..
KILLED
ME!

NOW, AINT DAT
SMART? HE
FIGURED DAT
OUT ALL BY
HIMSELF! HA
HA, NA!



DON'T KILL
THEY WEASEL,
PLEASE!!
I CAN'T STAND
ANY MORE
BLOODSHED!



THAT TAKES
CARE OF DE
GUARDS,
ZORKO!

GOOD! WE FOUND
A ROPE TO LET US
DOWN INTO THE
RIVER!

GANG BUSTERS

HEARING THE SOUND OF GUARDS' FEET ABOVE, THE DEEPERDOGS JUMP INTO THE WATER.

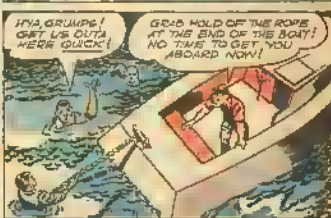


AS THE ESCAPED CONVICTS HIT THE WATER, A SMALL BOAT SPEEDS OUT TO MEET THEM...



HYA, GRUMPS! GET US OUTA HERE QUICK!

GRAB HOLD OF THE ROPE AT THE END OF THE BOAT! NO TIME TO GET YOU ABOARD NOW!



MACHINE-GUN BULLETS PEPPERING THE WATER ALL ABOUT THEM, THEY CLING TO THE ROPE TRAILING BY THE SPEEDING BOAT.



HEY!...GET US...GLUB... OUTA...GLUB HERE...!!

WE'RE DROWNIN'!



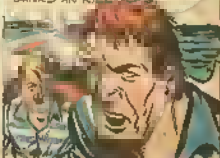
AFTER SEVERAL MILES, GRUMPS STOPS THE BOAT AND PULLS THEM, HALF-DROWNED, ABOARD...

ANOTHER MILE AT THE END OF THAT ROPE AND YOU GUYS WOULD'VE BEEN PLAYIN' TAG WITH THE FIGHTER DOWN BELOW!

YOU... GLUB... GRAB IT!



NOW GET IN OUT...I'M GONNA KILL EVERY COP I SEE (FROM NOW ON WE'RE GONNA ROE BANKS AN' KILL COPS!



GANG BUSTERS

LYING UP TO HIS
THREAT, ZORKO
LEADS HIS GANG
A BLOODY TRAIL
ACROSS THE
COUNTRY,
STRIKING
SUDDENLY
WITH COLD
RUTHLESS
SPEED,
LEAVING DEATH
IN THEIR
WAKE!



FIRST - A BANK IN ALBANY, N.Y.
DEATH TOLL - ONE
BANK GUARD



NEXT A POST-OFFICE
IN INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
DEATH TOLL -
TWO POSTAL GUARDS
ONE POLICEMAN..

KILL DOSE COPS!
DON'T LET ONE OF
'EM GET AWAY!

COUNTRY FAIR
AT CAG MONIES, IOWA
DEATH TOLL - ONE POLICEMAN
EIGHT INNOCENT BYSTANDERS!



SPRAY 'EM WITH
LEAD, WEASEL!
WHY JUST KILL
COPS? HA HA!

BUT ZORKO
DOESN'T KNOW
THAT THE POLICE
ARE CLOSING IN!
THAT A NATIONWIDE
DRAGNET HAS BEEN
ORGANIZED! THAT
ALL THE FACILITIES
OF POLICE SCIENCE
ARE BEING USED BY
THE FBI AND LOCAL
POLICE....



THIS TELETYPE MESSAGE
FROM FBI HEADQUARTERS
SETS OFF THE FUSE, MURPHY!
ZORKO AND HIS GANG WILL BE
HERE TONIGHT AT
THE LATEST!

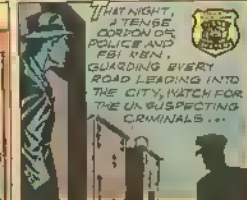
HEADQUARTERS
3:45 PM. OFFICIAL
ALBANY
MIDLAND CITY
ZORKO... NEWSPAPERS
RADIO ANNOUNCE EVERY
TOWN READY FOR ZORKO
BUT NO MENTION MADE
OF MIDLAND CITY...
THEREFORE GANG WILL
UNDOUBTEDLY HEAD
THERE... END.
FBI HEADQUARTERS

MIDLAND CITY BECOMES THE
FOCAL POINT AND THERE
CHIEF WINSTON AND HIS STAFF
MAKE CAREFUL PREPARATIONS..



THAT'S SMART POLICE
WORK, CHIEF! WE BOOY
'EM INTO MIDLAND CITY
BY MAKING 'EM THINK WE
DON'T EXPECT 'EM. BOY
WILL THEY BE
SURPRISED!

THOSE RATS ARE
GOING TO PAY A
THOUSAND TIMES
FOR EVERY PERSON
THEY KILLED!
COME ON!



THAT NIGHT,
A TENSE
CORDON OF
POLICE AND
FBI MEN,
GUARDING EVERY
ROAD LEADING INTO
THE CITY, WATCH FOR
THE UNSUSPECTING
CRIMINALS...

GANG BUSTERS

ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CITY, CHIEF WINSTON AND MURPHY STOP ON THEIR ROUNDS OF INSPECTION TO TALK FOR A MOMENT..

LOOK! THAT'S REAGEL DRIVING THAT CAR!

BEGODRA! IF I DON'T RECOGNIZE HIM FROM HIS PICTURE!

THIS IS IT, MEN! LET'S GO!

COME OUT OF THAT CAR WITH YOUR HANDS UP, YOU RATS OR I'LL BLAST YOU OFF THE STREET!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, COPPER!



SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE SHADOWS, WITH GUNS BLAZING, MARCHES A DETERMINED BAND OF LAW-MEN..



REALIZING THEIR NUMBER IS UP, THE CROOKS TRY TO CHARGE THROUGH THE BARRAGE OF BULLETS, LEAVING THEIR FALG TO DIE IN THE CAR!



NO USE CUSSIN', ZORKO! WE'RE FINISHED!

ZORKO FEELS THE DEATH STING OF HOT LEAD FOR THE FIRST TIME!



I'M DYIN'! DON'T LET ME DIE! I'M SCARED!



YOU'RE YELLOW LIKE ALL YOUR KIND! YOU NEVER CONSIDERED THE FEELINGS OF YOUR VICTIMS...! DON'T EXPECT SYMPATHY OR MERCY FROM US!



THE UNDERWORLD NEVER HAS, NOR EVER WILL STAND A CHANCE... THIS CASE AGAIN PROVES CONCLUSIVELY. CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

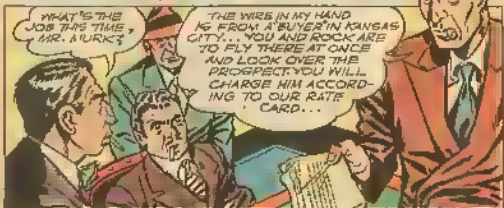
Crime and BUSTERS

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"CRIME CULT" AN EFFICIENT BUSINESS ORGANIZATION WHICH TRADED IN CRIME! HEADED BY A CRUEL, CALCULATING, BRILLIANT DESPOT, AUGUSTE MURK, THE GANG AND LEADER LEARNED THAT THE DIVIDEND IN THEIR BUSINESS WAS **DEATH!!**

BASED ON PHILLIPS H. LORD'S FAMOUS
... RADIO FEATURE ...

"CRIME CULT" PROSPERED FOR A TIME... CLOAKING ITS TRUE PURPOSE BEHIND THAT OF AN OUT-OF-TOWN BUYING OFFICE, IT OPERATED OUT OF SUMPTUOUS OFFICES IN NEW YORK CITY



WHAT'S THE JOB THIS TIME, MR. MURK?

THE WIRE IN MY HAND IS FROM A BUYER IN KANSAS CITY... YOU AND ROCK ARE TO FLY THERE AT ONCE AND LOOK OVER THE PROSPECT. YOU WILL CHARGE HIM ACCORDING TO OUR RATE CARD...

WITHOUT QUESTION, ROCK AND LEAD TAKE THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE KANSAS CITY "BUYER" AND HOP A PLANE---



FEW HOURS LATER... IN KANSAS CITY...

DIG IS THE PLACE, ROCK!

WHAT A GRUMMY JOINT! BUT IF THEY CAN MEET OUR RATES WE AINT CHOOSY!

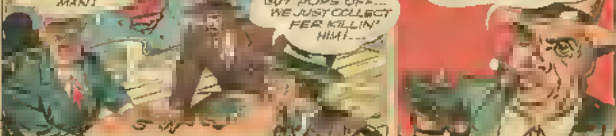


TEN THOUSAND BUCKS! THAT'S A LOTTA DOUGH FER BUMPIN' OFF ONE HELPLESS OLD MAN!

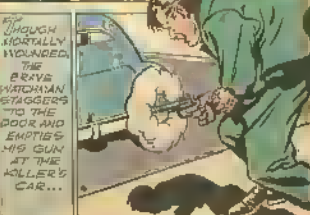
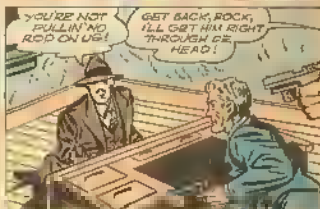
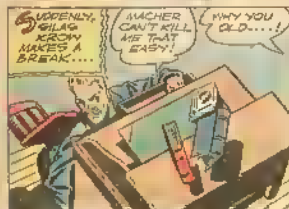
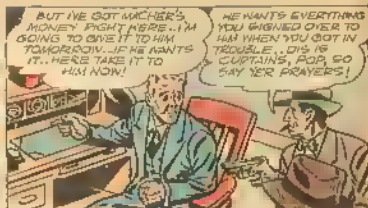
YAT'S OUR PRICE, TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT, MACHER!

UNDERSTAND WE DON'T TAKE NO PART OF WHAT YOU COLLECT WHEN DE OLD GUY POPS OFF... WE JUST COLLECT FER KILLIN' HIM!

OKAY... SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH... I'LL BUY... HERE'S FIVE THOUSAND ON ACCOUNT. YOU GET THE REST WHEN THE JOB'S DONE---



GANG BUSTERS



GANG BUSTERS

THE CRIME CULT'S MOTTO WAS MURDER AT RETAIL PRICES, ANYTIME, ANYWHERE!... BECAUSE THE MURDERERS WERE UNKNOWN, THE STRANGE TOWNS THEY PLEDGED UPON, THEY INvariably MADE CLEAN, UNTRACEABLE GETAWAYS..... FROM COAST-TO-COAST HORRIBLE, UNSOLVED MURDERS LAY DORMANT ON THE BOOKS AT THE LOCAL POLICE STATIONS...

IN CHIEF WINSTON'S OWN TOWN, A DEAD CITY, SEVERAL UNSOLVED CRIMES WORRIED THE CONSCIENTIOUS CHIEF OF POLICE.....

MURPHY, I'VE BEEN COMPARING THE UNSOLVED CRIMES IN OUR CITY WITH THOSE IN OTHER CITIES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY...

SO WHAT, CHIEF? EVERY CITY HAS UNSOLVED MURDERS!

TRUE, MURPHY... BUT ALL THESE RECENT UNSOLVED CASES GIVE ME A HUNCH I THINK A MURDER RING IS OPERATING THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE COUNTRY!

A MURDER RING, IS IT? BUT HOW'RE YOU GOING TO FIND OUT WHERE THEY MAKE THEIR HEADQUARTERS?

THAT'S THE TICKET! SO FAR, THEY HAVEN'T LEFT A SINGLE CLUE, BUT THEY'RE BOUND TO MAKE A SLIP EVENTUALLY!

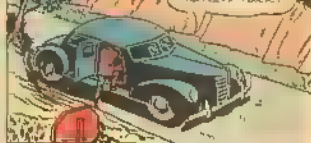
BUT 'CRIME CULT' CONTINUED TO OPERATE EFFICIENTLY... A CAR WITH A DEAD MAN IN IT BOGS OVER A CLIFF OUTSIDE OF HOLLYWOOD AS THE DRIVER JUMPS CLEAR....

ANOTHER CAR PICKS UP THE DRIVER...!

WEE WORK, ROCK! HOPE... WE'VE GOT FIFTEEN MINUTES TO CATCH OUR PLANE TO NEW YORK!



BUT ABOVE THEM A BOY SCOUT, HIDDEN BY THE SHRUBBERY HAS SEEN THE CRIME AND RECORDS THE MURDERER'S FACE ON THE FILM....



GANG BUSTERS

LATER, AFTER DEVELOPING THE PICTURE, THE SCOUT, ROY BRANOT, RUNS INTO THE POLICE STATION WITH HIS VALUABLE EVIDENCE.

A MAN WAS KILLED ON WEST HIGHWAY IN THE HILLS! HERE'S A PICTURE OF THE KILLER!!

HOW DO YOU KNOW AND WHERE DO YOU GET THAT PICTURE? LET ME SEE IT!

QUICKLY, ROY BRANOT TELLS HIS STORY... HE LEADS THE POLICE TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

YOU'RE RIGHT, ROY! AND YOU'RE SURE THEY SAID THEY WERE TO CATCH A PLANE IN FIFTEEN MINUTES?

YES SIR! IT WAS EXACTLY FIFTEEN! THEN!

ROY'S PHOTOGRAPH OF THE KILLER IS SOON WHEEDLED OVER THE PRIVATE POLICE LINES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY... NEW YORK POLICE PREPARE TO COVER THE AIRPORT AND, IN MIDLAND CITY, CHIEF WINSTON ALSO GETS THE PHOTO...



IT'S ROCK BENSON! HE ESCAPED FROM OUR STATE PEN THREE YEARS AGO!

EIGHT! AND THE PLANE HE'S ON LANDS AT MIDLAND AIRPORT TO REFUEL IN 24 HOURS! WE'RE TAKING THAT PLANE TO NEW YORK WITH THEM!

A LITTLE WHILE LATER THEY BOARDED THE PLANE AND PURPOSELY WALK BY THE KILLERS WITHOUT RECOGNITION...



DAT WAS CHIEF WINSTON DAT JUST GOT ON! LUCKY HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE US!

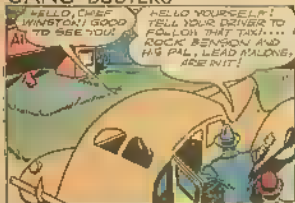
MUH! NO WONDER HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE US! WE DON'T LOOK LIKE DR. CHEAP CROOKS HE SENT AWAY FOLE YEARS AGO!

THEY SAW US ALL RIGHT... BUT THEY DON'T THINK WE SAW THEM!

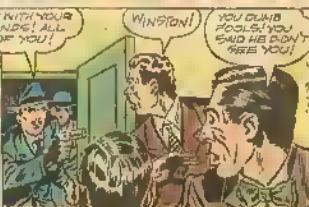
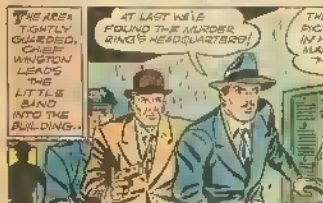
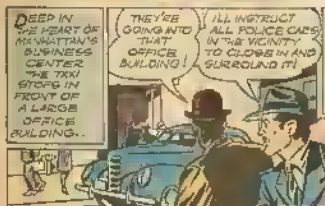
LUCKY! WEED THE NEW YORK POLICE AND TOLD THEM TO KEEP UNDER COVER, SO THAT HE CAN FOLLOW THEM TO THEIR HIDEOUT!



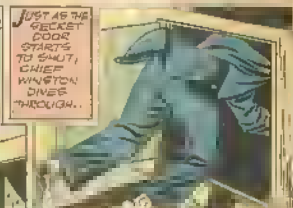
GANG BUSTERS



KEEPING THE CAR IN CONSTANT SIGHT, THE DISGUISED POLICE CAR FOLLOWS IT ACROSS THE BRIDGE INTO MANHATTAN



GANG BUSTERS



Gang BUSTERS

COM. 1943, 15 (PAGES 13-14) 10400, 1041

BASED ON PHILLIPS H. LORD'S FAMOUS
RADIO FEATURE

"THE HIGGINS GANG"

FIVE MEN, LED BY ACE HIGGINS
WHO TOOK LIFE THE EASY WAY..

RACKETEERS AND ROBBERY
WERE THEIR LIVELIHOOD..

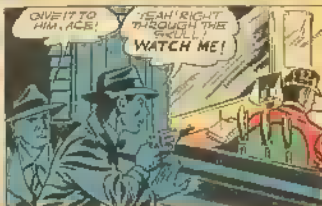
COCKY AND SURE OF
THEMSELVES UNTIL

THE LAW STALKED
THEIR TRAIL.. THEY

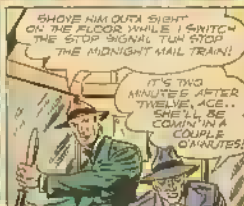
SHOWED THEIR TEETH
THEMSELVES IN DEATH

FOR THE COWARDS THEY WERE
IN REAL LIFE...

IT IS MIDNIGHT, HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS
AT A LOVELY RAILROAD SIGNAL TOWER..



WITHOUT A
WORD OF
WARNING THE
COWARDLY
CROOK
SHOOT'S THE
OPERATOR
IN THE
BACK OF HIS
HEAD,
KILLING
HIM
INSTANTLY!



A SHORT TIME
LATER, THE
MIDNIGHT
TRAIN
PULLS UP THE
STEEP GRADE
AND ROUNDS THE
BEND... THE
ENGINEER
SEES THE STOP
SIGNAL AND
JAMS ON THE
BRAKES...



GANG BUSTERS

THIS IS A STICK-UP!
GET DOWN FROM
YOUR CAB!

YOU CAN'T GET
AWAY WITH THIS!
THOSE MAIL CARS
ARE ARMED AND
LOCKED TIGHT!

BUT ACE
BHIGGING WAS
PREPARED FOR
THIS...EVEN
AS THE
ENGINEER
WARNED HIM,
THE REST OF
THE GANG
WAS SETTING
OFF A HUGE
CHARGE OF
TNT UNDER-
NEATH A
MAIL
CAR!

OKAY, YOU
MUGGS! SHE'S
LIT! SCRAM!

I DON'T
NEED
URGIN'
WITH THE
HOLE THAT'S
GONNA
MAKE!

A FEW SECONDS LATER...

POW!

WOW! WHAT A
BLAST! COME ON,
SLIM... THAT
CAR IS WIDE
OPEN!

I'M RIGHT
WITH
YUH,
ACE!

HERE ARE THE
REGISTERED
MAIL BAGS!

AND HERE'S THE
GOLD SHIPMENT
YOU TOLD US
ABOUT, ACE!

WHILE THE
GANG
RAIDS THE
BLASTED
CAR,
ARMED
MAIL
CLERKS
AND
GUARDS
FROM THE
OTHER CARS
PREPARE
TO
ATTACK!

COME ON, BOYS!
THEY'RE IN
THAT CAR!

HEY! THEY'RE
COMING
AFTER US!

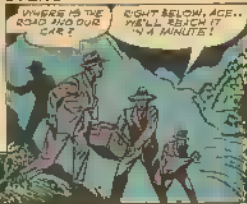
LET THEM
HAVE IT!

OWWW!...ACE...
HELP... THEY
GOT ME!

THAT'S YOUR
TOUGH LUCK!
WE'RE SCRAMMIN'
FOR THE OTHER
SIDE!

GANG BUSTERS

LEAVING THEIR DEAD
FALL BEHIND,
THEY FLEE
DOWN THE
MOUNTAIN
AS THE
CLERK'S
PUMP LEAD AT
THEIR FEET IN THE
HAZY
DARK....



WHERE IS THE
ROAD AND OUR
CAR?

RIGHT BELOW, ACE..
WE'LL REACH IT
IN A MINUTE!

REACHING THE ROAD, THEY FIND THEIR
CAR AND FLEE IN....



STED ON IT, PUTNEY!
WE GOTTA BE A COUPLE
OF HUNDRED MILES FROM
HERE WHEN THE SUN
COMES UP!

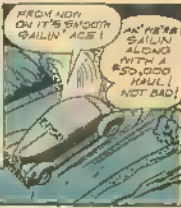
ILL PUT IT
DOWN TO
THE FLOOR
ALL THE
WAY, ACE!

THOUGH ACE
AND SLIM
PULLED OUT
THE
TELEGRAPH
WIRE, A MAIL
CLERK
WAS ABLE TO
QUICKLY FIND
THEM AND
SEND OUT A
WARNING
MESSAGE...



BY THE TIME THEY REACH
THE HIGHWAY, THEY'LL HAVE
A POLICE RECEPTION
WAITING FOR THEM!

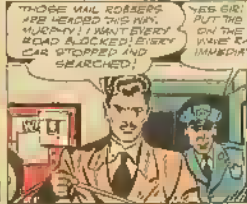
BUT
TRAVELLING
AT A
TERRIFIC
SPEED,
THE GANG
CAR SHUT
INTO THE
HIGHWAY
LONG
BEFORE THE
POLICE
ARRIVED..



FROM NOW
ON IT'S SMOOTH
SAILIN', ACE!

AN' HERE
SAILIN'
ALONG
WITH A
\$50,000
HAUL!
NOT BAD!

BUT IN THE
OFFICE OF
CHIEF
WINSTON
OF MIDLAND
CITY, THE
FIRST LARGE
CITY THROUGH
WHICH THE
HIGHWAY PASSES,
A TELETYPE
CAME IN FROM
THE POSTAL
AUTHORITIES..



THOSE MAIL ROBBERS
ARE HERE! THIS WAY,
MURPHY! I WANT EVERY
ROAD BLOCKED! EVERY
CAR STOPPED AND
SEARCHED!

YES SIR! I'LL
PUT THE ORDER
ON THE SHORT
WAVE RADIO
IMMEDIATELY!

ALL HIGHWAYS
ARE BLOCKED,
CHIEF.. WHERE
TO NOW?

OUT TO THE
MAIN
HIGHWAY
TO WAIT
FOR THOSE
CROOKS!

WHAT ARE
THE DETAILS
OF THE
ROBBERY,
CHIEF?

TEN MEN KILLED AND
\$50,000 IN GOLD AND
REGISTERED MAIL STOLEN!
THEY'RE DESPERATE MEN,
MURPHY AND THEY'LL
BLAST THEIR WAY THROUGH
OUR BLOCKADE!

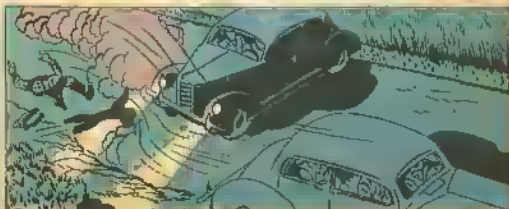
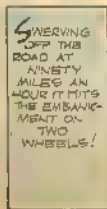
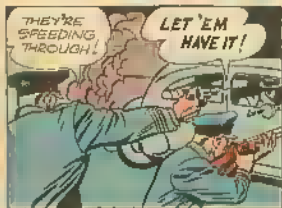
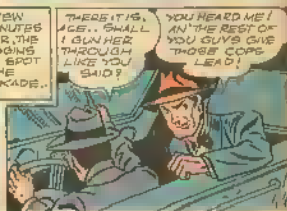
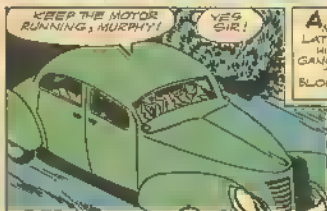
ALMOST
AT THE
SAME
MOMENT
ACE HIGGINS
SPEAKS
TO HIS
MEN...

WE'RE NEARING MIDLAND CITY...
WORD MAY HAVE COME THROUGH
AND A ROAD BLOCKADE MAY BE
UP... WE'RE GOIN' THROUGH...
GUNS BLASTIN'
UNDERSTAND?

ANYTHING
YOU SAY,
ACE!



GANG BUSTERS



GANG BUSTERS

**GET GOING,
MURPHY!**

**I'M RIGHT
WITH YOU,
CHIEF!**

**I'LL TRY TO GET
ONE OF THEIR
REAR TIRES!**

**CAREFUL, CHIEF!
THEIR LEAD'S FLYIN'
MIGHTY CLOSE!**

**BEFORE
CHIEF
WINSTON
CAN TAKE
AIM THE
WIGGING
CAR ROARS
UP A
STEEP BEND
IN THE
ROAD...**

**I'LL STOP THAT
COP CAR...AND
WITH ONE
BULLET!**

**BUT BEFORE
ACE CAN
LEVEL HIS
GUN, CHIEF
WINSTON'S
BARKS...
AND FINDS
IT'S TARGET!**

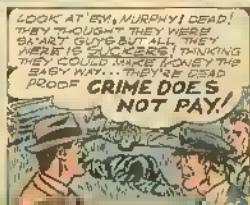
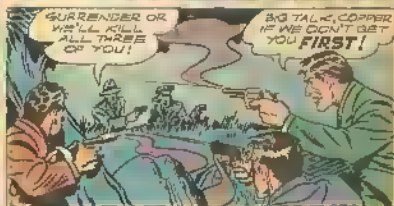
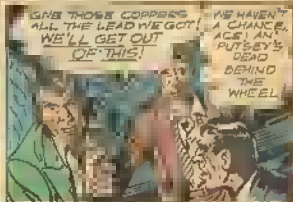
**YOW! MY
HAND!**

**PRETTY SHOOTIN',
CHIEF! NOW
GET THAT
TIRE!**

POW!
**THEY HIT
OUR TIRE! THE
CAR'S OUT
OF CONTROL!**

**THE
GANGSTER'S
CAR
LEAPS FROM
THE ROAD
LIKE A
WILD
MECHANICAL
DEMON..**

GANG BUSTERS

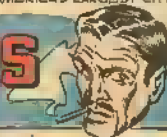


Crime BUSTERS

THE "JOHN DOE" GANG... LEAD BY

JOHNNIE CHEK, WHO GAMBLER WITH
A "SYSTEM" TO BEAT THE LAW AND
WHOSE GANG TERRORIZED ONE OF
AMERICA'S LARGEST CITIES.....

BASED ON PHILLIPS H. LORD'S ALL
FAMOUS RADIO FEATURE



JOHNNIE CHEK'S
"SYSTEM" WAS
TO GET INS IN-
FORMATION FROM
EX-CONVICTS AND
OTHER UNDERWORLD
CHARACTERS WITH
WHOM HE WOULD
SPLIT AFTER EACH
"JOB": HE TALKS
TO HIS GANG....

THIS BAKERY JOB WILL BE
A CINCH... REMEMBER.. IF WE
HAVE TO TALK TO EACH OTHER ON
JOB.. USE THE NAME
J-H- DOE.. GET ME?



.. AND NO SHOOTIN'.. WEAR GLOVES
SO'S NOT TO LEAVE FINGER-
PRINTS.. THEN WE USE A DIFFER-
ENT CAR ON EACH GETAWAY.. THIS
"SYSTEM" CAN'T FAIL.. OKAY?
LET'S GO..!



WAS LUNCH-
HOUR AT THE
MIDWESTERN

THE CASHIER
WAS THE ONLY
EMPLOYEE IN
THE OFFICE...

ALL RIGHT MISTER-
GET OVER THERE
AND OPEN THAT
SAFE.. QUICK!

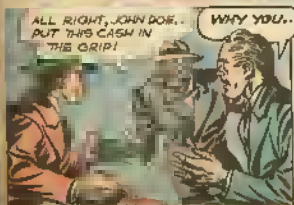
WHA...?
HEY.. YOU
WON'T GET
AWAY WITH
THIS!

GO ON
OPEN
IT UP!



ALL RIGHT, JOHN DOE..
PUT THIS CASH IN
THE GRIP!

WHY YOU...



GANG BUSTERS

AS THE CASHIER
STAGGERS TO
THE REAR DOOR....



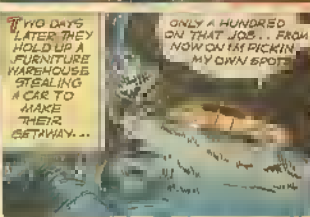
THE POLICE BROADCAST AN ALARM ON
THE BAKERY
CASHIER'S
INFORMATION...

-- DAYLIGHT
ROBBERY...
THESE MEN CALL
THEMSELVES THE
JOHN DOE
GANG!



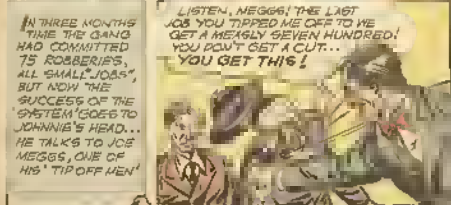
TWO DAYS
LATER THEY
HOLD UP A
FURNITURE
WAREHOUSE
STEALING
A CAR TO
MAKE
THEIR
GETAWAY...

ONLY A HUNDRED
ON THAT JOB... FROM
NOW ON I'M PICKIN'
MY OWN SPOTS

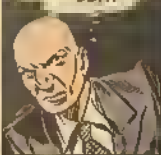


IN THREE MONTHS
TIME THE GANG
HAD COMMITTED
75 ROBBERIES,
ALL "SMALL JOBS",
BUT NOW THE
SUCCESS OF THE
SYSTEM GOES TO
JOHNNIE'S HEAD...
HE TALKS TO JOE
MEGGS, ONE OF
HIS 'TIP OFF MEN'

LISTEN, MEGGS! THE LAST
JOB YOU TIPPED ME OFF TO WE
GET A MEAGLY SEVEN HUNDRED!
YOU DON'T GET A CUT...
YOU GET THIS!

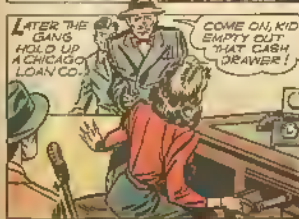


I'LL GET EVEN WITH
THAT RAT IF IT'S THE
LAST THING I VER
DO...



LATER THE
GANG
HOLD UP
A CHICAGO
LOAN CO.

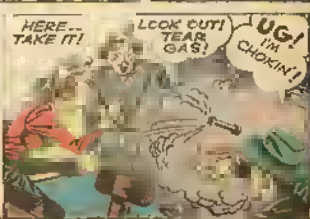
COME ON, KID
EMPTY OUT
THAT CASH
DRAWER!



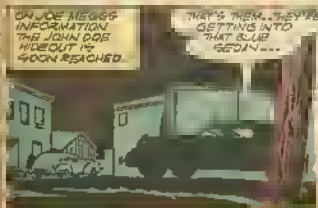
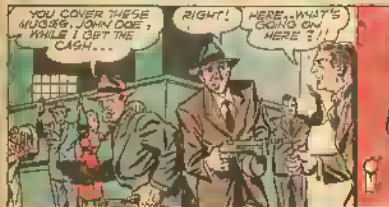
HERE--
TAKE IT!

LOOK OUT!
TEAR
GAS!

UG!
I'M
CHOKIN'!



GANG BUSTERS



GANG BUSTERS

AFTER
TRAILING
THE BLUE
GANG CAR
CAUTIOUSLY
CHIEF
WINSTON
FORCES
THEM TO THE
SIDE ON A
LONELY
ROAD...

YOU MEN ARE
UNDER ARREST
FOR THE EDGEWATER
BANK HOLD-UP...

YOU GOT THE
WRONG GUYS,
COPPER... WE'RE
TRAVELING
SALESMEN!

TRAVELING SALESMEN! WELL,
I KNOW A GUY WHO CAN
TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOU...
HIS NAME IS
JOE MEGGS!

JOE
MEGGS!

IN COOK COUNTY JAIL...

LOOK, MURPHY... I GOT
DOUGH... PLENTY OF IT...
LET ME CRASH OUT OF
THIS BIRD-CAGE... THERE'S
TWO THOUSAND HIDDEN
IN MY HIDEOUT...

TWO GRAND...
EH? UM...
YOU'RE ON
WHERE'S
THIS DOUGH
AT?

LATER...

OKAY, JOHNNIE...
DOWN THE LAUNDRY
STEPS... KEEP IN
CLOSE TO THE
WALL...

OUT OF
JAIL
JOHNNIE
CHEK
GOES
DIRECTLY
TO HIS
HIDEOUT...
BUT HE
DOES NOT
KNOW THAT
HE WAS
CLOSELY
WATCHED...

BOY... LOOK AT THE PRETTY
GREEN PICTURES!... AND IT'S
ALL MINE... I DON'T HAVE TO
SPLIT WITH MY BILS EITHER!
HOW CAN I? THEY'RE
IN JAIL... HA! HA!

THE COPS CAN GET THE
DUMBELLS... BUT THE
SMART GUYS, LIKE
ME CAN ALWAYS
FOOL THE COPS!

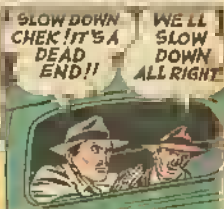
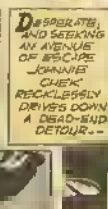
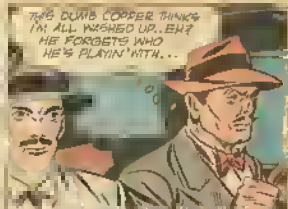
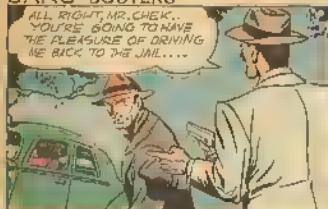
GOING SOMEWHERE,
JOHNNIE?

MURPHY!... AN'
YOU TOOK MY
DOUGH, TOO!

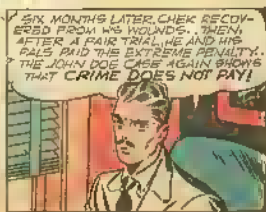
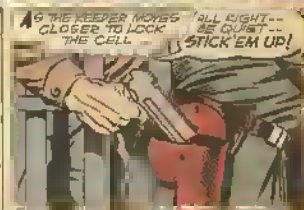
YES... AND I'LL
TAKE THE
REST OF IT!

TAKE THAT BACK TO
THE BANK,
MURPHY... I'LL
TAKE CARE OF
OUR FRIEND!

GANG BUSTERS



GANG BUSTERS



Gang BUSTERS

THE D'AMBROSIO BROTHERS, IN THE TWO YEARS THAT THEY OPERATED, COMMITTED MORE THAN 200 ROBBERIES THAT NETTED OVER \$200,000... BUT THEY PULLED THEIR TRIGGERS ONCE TOO OFTEN...



ON THE PHILADELPHIA WATERFRONT, ONE FOG-BOUND NIGHT IN OCTOBER, 1939, PATROLMAN DWYER WALKS TOWARD TWO FURTIVE, DIMLY OUTLINED FIGURES...

JUST A MINUTE, YOU TWO FELLOWS... WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE AT THIS HOUR?

WE'RE DOCTORS... MAKING A CALL...



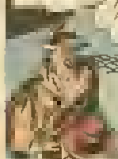
UNDER THE DIM STREET LIGHT THE POLICEMAN RECOGNIZES ONE OF THE MEN...

SO...IT'S A DOCTOR? HE ARE NOW!

YEAH... OH, HELLO, MR DWYER... I WAS ONLY KIDDING... I'M OUT ON PAROLE...

YOU KNOW MY FRIEND, OFFICER...?

DO I KNOW HIM?... WHY I ARRESTED HIM FOUR YEARS AGO... THIS MAN IS LEFTY BILLINGS... HE'S BEEN IN EVERY JAIL IN...



...BUT BEFORE THE BRAVE OFFICER CAN FINISH...

YOU MEAN... YOU KNEW HIM...!

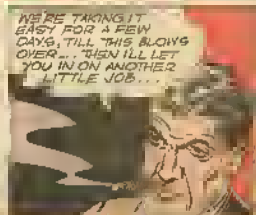
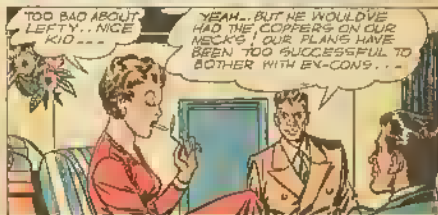
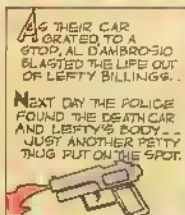
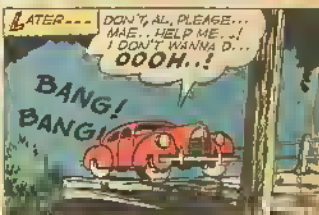
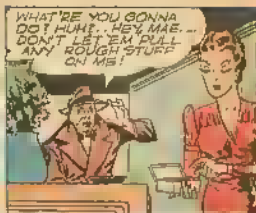
HEY, LOU... WHAT'S THE IDEA? THE COP WASN'T MAKIN' ANY TROUBLE!

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU HAD A PRISON RECORD? YOU KNOW NONE OF MY GANG CAN HAVE ANY COPS TRAILIN' EM... PICTURES AN' FINGERPRINTS DON'T FIT INTO MY PLAN'S... GO AHEAD... WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE HOTEL...

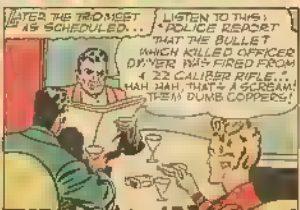
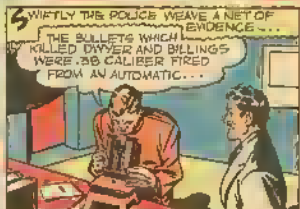
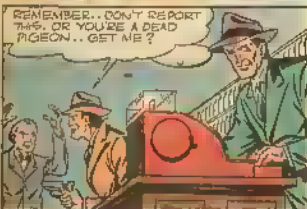
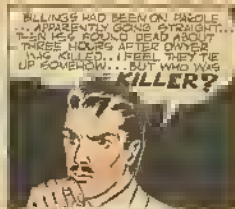
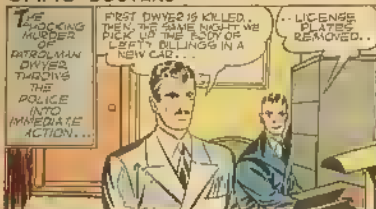
BANG! BANG!



GANG BUSTERS



GANG BUSTERS



GANG BUSTERS

OUT OF THE COMEDY, AL...
LISTEN... I'VE GOT A NEW
WRINKLE....



TEXT
PLAY AT
A FACTORY
IN WEST
PHILADELPHIA



CAN I DO
ANYTHING
FOR YOU,
GENTLEMEN?

WE'RE SPECIAL GUARDS
FROM THE INSURANCE
COMPANY. -WE HAVE A
TIP THAT YOUR PAYROLL
MIGHT BE HELD UP. -



WHY, THAT'S FUNNY. THERE'S
OUR PAYROLL JUST SENT OVER
FROM THE BANK... IT'S
PERFECTLY SAFE...

THAT'S FINE.
STICK 'EM UP!
THIS IS A
HOLD-UP!



WHY YOU
CHEAP...
OWWWW!

GET GOIN',
LOU!



THAT WASN'T SO
SLICK, LOU...
WHAT WAS THE
'SHOOTIN'
ALL ABOUT?

YOU DRIVE THIS BUS
AND SHUT UP.
GET ME F



TURN ON THE
RADIO,
MAE..



THE APPALLING
DAYLIGHT
HOLD-UP AND
MURDER IS
BROADCAST
IMMEDIATELY
BY THE
POLICE...

THE KILLERS MADE
THEIR ESCAPE IN A
GREEN SEDAN ON
ROUTE 23...
THEY'RE ARMED...
BE CAREFUL...

STOP THE
CAR, MAE!

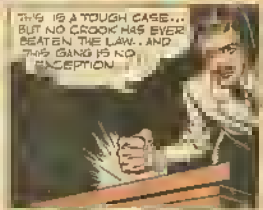
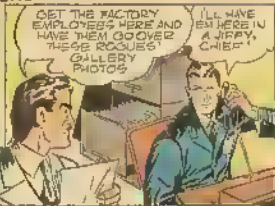


THE THREE OF US TOGETHER
HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE... WE'RE
GETTING OUT HERE... YOU
DRIVE THE CAR TO THE HOTEL...
AND WAIT FOR US!

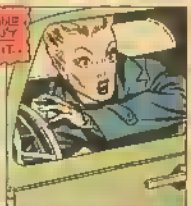
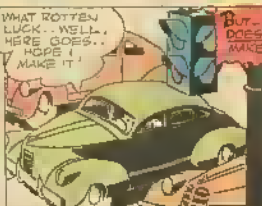


GANG BUSTERS

THE POLICE, TRAFFLED BY LACK OF EVIDENCE ON THE FACTORY, HOLD-UP EXAMINE ALL CRIMINAL RECORDS IN THEIR FILES...



MAE DAMBROGIO, HURRYING TO KEEP HER RENDEZVOUS AT THE HOTEL, REACHES A BUSY INTERSECTION IN DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA AND TRIES TO BEAT A TRAFFIC LIGHT...



GANG BUSTERS

MORTALLY INJURED, FOR TWO DAYS MAE LINGERS ON THE BRINK OF DEATH... CHIEF WINSTON VAINLY TRIES TO QUESTION HER...

WE FOUND OUT THAT THIS CAR WAS USED IN THE FACTORY HOLD-UP, BUT I'M AFRAID SHE'LL DIE BEFORE WE CAN GET ANY INFORMATION OUT OF HER...

LISTEN, CHIEF...
AL...LOU...
HA HA...THAT'S A LAUGH...

WHAT'S A LAUGH?...
SO IT WAS A .22...
HAH HAH... LOU...
LOU... ALWAYS USES
...A .38... ROOM
6010... FOREST HOTEL...
THOSE DUMB COPS...
HA...HA...HA...

JUST WHEN WE'RE DEPENDING ON HER...
WAIT... THAT'S HER CALLING NOW I'LL BET...

CITY HOSPITAL... SHE'S MURT... I'LL GO RIGHT OVER... YOU STAY HERE... WE GOTTA BE CAREFUL...

AS AL OPENS THE DOOR... PUT 'EM UP, MURDERER!
COPPERS!
YOU RAT, HERE'S WHAT YOU GET!

BANG! BANG!
UGH!

LOU DIES ON THE SPOT! THREE MONTHS LATER AL D'AMBROSIO GOES TO THE CHAIR AND MAE WILL SPEND THE REST OF HER LIFE IN THE PENITENTIARY...
CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

GANG BUSTERS

PHILLIP H. LOAD'S
FAMOUS RADIO
FEATURE...

COPY 1942 BY PHILLIP H. LOAD INC.

A CRATE OF POISONOUS
SNAKES PROVES DEADLY
LOOT FOR A BAUTAL
GANG OF LAW-DOGDERS!



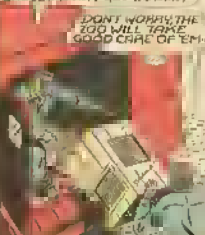
A LIGHT TRUCK BACKS UP TO A
WAREHOUSE PIECE...THE DRIVER
PRESENTS A NOTE-



HERE'S MY AUTHORIZATION
TO COLLECT A CRATE OF
SOUTH AMERICAN SNAKES
FOR THE WARREN PARK
ZOO.

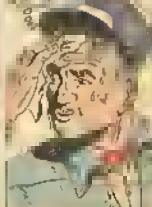
IT'S HERE-AND I'M
GLAD TO GET RID OF
IT-JUST SIGN THE
RECEIPT!

IT'S A WONDER THEY LET
THESE POISONOUS REPTILES
INTO THE COUNTRY-IF THEY
SHOULD EVER GET LOOSE!



DON'T WORRY, THE
ZOO WILL TAKE
GOOD CARE OF 'EM.

I'M GLAD TO GET
RID OF THOSE
VIPERS-EVEN IF
THEY ARE
CAGED!

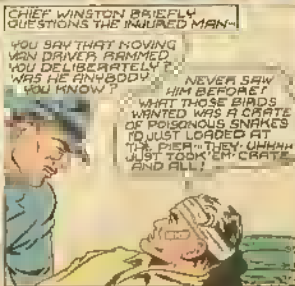
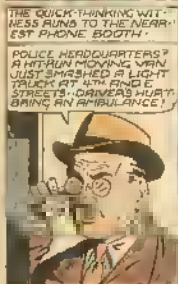
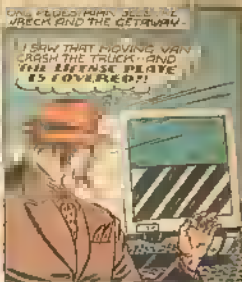
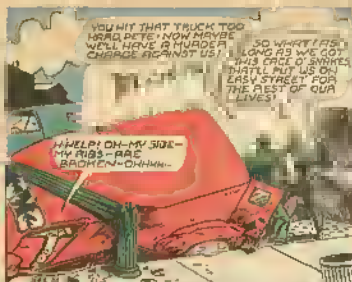


AS THE TRUCK LEAVES THE WAREHOUSE FRONT, A
MOVING VAN ROLLS OUT OF A SIDE STREET-



LOOK OUT!
YOU CRAZY
FOOL -!





HUMPH! WHY ON EARTH WOULD ANYONE RISK A MURDER CHARGE TO STEAL A CRATE OF SNAKES—AND WHAT WOULD HE DO WITH 'EM?

IT'S GOT ME STUMPED, CHIEF—UNLESS HE WANTED TO SELL 'EM TO A SNAKE SHOW. THERE'S A CARNIVAL OUT ON NORTH BOULEVARD..

MURPHY...YOU MAY HAVE PUT A FINGER ON IT...I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE THAT CARNIVAL RIGHT NOW! JUST ON A HUNCH!

ALL RIGHT, SIR, I'LL ATTEND TO THINGS HERE..

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, CHIEF WINSTON PICKS UP THREE DETECTIVE OFFICERS.

DAVE TO THE CARNIVAL. THAT'S JUST OPENED ON NORTH BOULEVARD. KNOW WHERE IT IS, FRAZER?

YES, SIR, LITTLE BEYOND THE OLD POST ROAD. BE THERE IN TEN MINUTES.

THERE'S THE PLACE, CHIEF!

WE'LL LOOK FOR A CRATE WITH A SOUTH AMERICAN STENCIL ON IT.

WHAT'S GOING ON IN YOUR BACK ROOM, MISTER—MIND IF WE TAKE A LOOK?

YEAH, I MIND. PLENTY! THAT ROOM'S STRICTLY PRIVATE—AND—

BAM! BAM!
BAM!
CREE-EEH

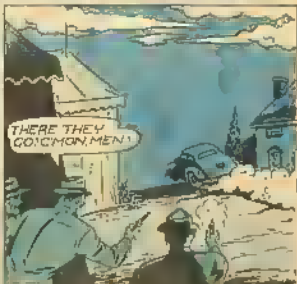
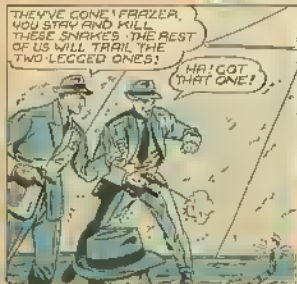
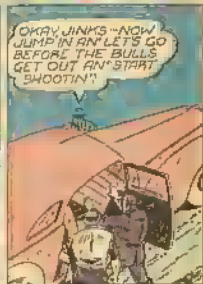
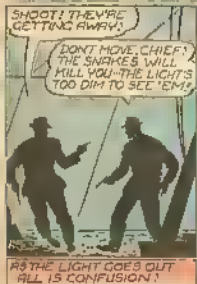
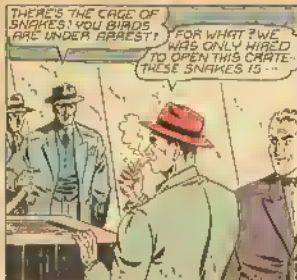
TELL US ABOUT IT LATER—I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT THAT NOISE IS!

WATCH OUT, PETER! IT'S THE BULLS!

NEVER MIND THE SACK, JINKS... GET READY TO DOUSE THE LIGHT!

BUT THEY'LL SHOOT!

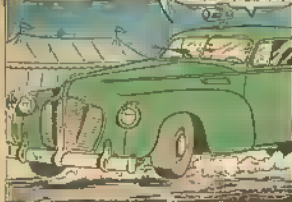




CHIEF WINSTON AND HIS MEN GET INTO THEIR SQUAD CAR AND GIVE CHASE—

IT'S GOING TO BE A TOUGH CHASE—THAT GANG HAS A FAST CAR!

AND THEY'LL PROBABLY SHOOT IF WE CLOSE IN!



THE CHASE TURNS INTO A RUNNING GUN-FIGHT, WITH THE POLICE CLOSING IN!



SUDDENLY, FROM THE SUPPOSEDLY EMPTY CRATE A SNAKE'S HEAD PUFFS—



THE TERRIFIED DRIVER SEES DEATH AT HIS SIDE—!!



THE SNAKE'S FANGS SINK DEEP INTO THE DOOMED MAN'S HAND!



OUT OF CONTROL, THE CAR JUMPS THE ROAD AND—



SMASHES DOWN THE ROCKY SLOPE FAR BELOW!





OUT OF THE CRUMPLED CAR SLITHERS THE DEADLY SNAKE - STRAIGHT AT CHIEF WINSTON!



HUH-WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS THEIR REASON FOR TAKING ALONG THE EMPTY CRATE - THEY PROBABLY DIDN'T KNOW THAT ONE SNAKE WAS STILL INSIDE...



LOOK HERE, BOYS! THIS IS THE ANSWER... JEWELS!



THE CLEVEREST SMUGGLING TRICK I'VE EVER SEEN - THE JEWELS WERE HIDDEN IN A HOLLOW STICK OF THE FRAMEWORK WHEN THE CRATE WAS BUILT IN SOUTH AMERICA - THEY WERE ABSOLUTELY SAFE FROM DISCOVERY!

YEH - NO CUSTOMS OFFICER WOULD POKE AROUND A CRATE FULL OF POISONOUS SNAKES!



THESE CROOKS MUST'VE KNOWN JUST WHEN THE SHIPMENT WOULD ARRIVE THEY ROBBED THE TRUCK BECAUSE IT WAS EASIER THAN THE WAREHOUSE... AND THEY'D HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT IF WE HADN'T CAUGHT 'EM OPENING THE CRATE -

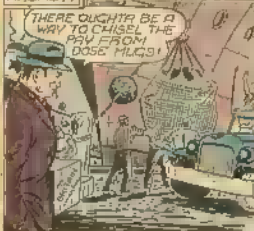


Gang BUSTERS

BASED ON THE LIFE OF LARRY'S
A. P. RICHIE'S DAD'S PAPA PAPA PAPA

TONY GORIO, A WATER-
FRONT THUG, TAKES A
SHORT CUT TO LAWLESS
RICHES. HE CAUSED BLOOD
TO FLOW LIKE WATER
ON THE CITY DOCKS...
TILL THE LAW CAUGHT
HIM-AS IT ALWAYS DOES..

TONY GORIO, SPAWN OF CITY SLUMS,
WATCHES STEVEDORES AT WORK
AND SEES A CHANCE FOR A NEW
PACKET!



THERE OUGHTA BE A
WAY TO CHISEL THE
PAY FROM
DOSE MUGS!

WUXTRY!
STEVEDORE
UNIONS
AT WAR!



RLJ

SO THE ACE AND THE
MARINE UNIONS ARE
AT WAR-THIS'LL
MAKE IT A CINCH!



TONY GORIO GETS HIS
MOB TOGETHER

SEE-WE HOLD UP THE
STEVEDORES OF EACH
UNION AND LET 'EM
BLAME IT ON EACH
OTHER, OK?



THAT'S A
SMART ANGLE
WE'RE WID 40%

NEXT PAY DAY-A COUPLE OF
STEVEDORES PASS AN EMPTY
LIVERY STABLE

HEY, BUD! YA
GOTTA MATCH?



SURE



?

WHY YOU
CHEAP BUMS!



OHATY
PAYS-ARRASH!

GEE! TWO HUNDRED BUCKS A PIECE!
 AW-DIS IS NOTHIN' DESL GUYS ARE ACE UNION MEN! WAIT'LL PETE HANSON, THE ACE BOSS, SEES THE NOTE I PIN ON 'EM!



Just to what happens to Ace Union Men.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HIMSELF APPEARS WITH THE POLICE.

UNION TROUBLE! THIS KILLING IS LIABLE TO LEAD TO A BAD DOCK WARFARE!



THE WILEY GORIO APPEARS BEFORE PETE HANSON THE HEAD OF THE ACE UNION...

LOOK! THE MARINE UNION BUMPS OFF TWO OF YOUR GUYS OK PAY ME 500 BUCKS A WEEK AND MY MOB WILL DO SOME GORILLA WORK FOR YOU!

I DIDN'T THINK TOM CARSON OF MARINE UNION WENT IN FOR KILLING, BUT HE DID—SO YOU'RE HIRED!



THAT NIGHT TONY STARTS TO WORK...

OK—SE ARE MINE UNION MEN—LET 'EM HAVE IT!



IT'S THAT SKUNK, TONY GORIO!



YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO BLAB MY NAME!

GORIO PLAYS HIS TRUMP CARD—HE GOES TO TOM CARSON, THE HEAD OF MARINE UNION AND OFFERS HIS SERVICE'S

IT'S A DIRTY BUSINESS! I DIDN'T THINK HANSON WOULD DO MURDER! GO AHEAD, YOU'RE HIRED!

JUST LEAVE IT TO ME AND MY MOB—WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE ACE UNION MEN...



HA-HA! WE'RE WORKIN' FOR BOTH SIDES AT ONCE AND DEY DON'T KNOW IT! WE KUN DO WOT WE WANT AND THE POLICE WILL BLAME THE UNIONS!

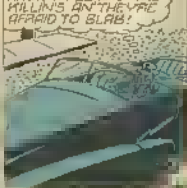
INCITED BY THE KILLINGS OF THE WATER-FRONT GANG, THE RIVAL UNIONS BREAK INTO UPHOLARIOUS WATER-FRONT FIGHTS.



THERE'S SOMETHING MORE THAN JUST RIVAL UNIONISM BEHIND THIS - AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

TONY CORIO ATTAINS HIS LIFE'S AMBITION - TO BE A 'BIG SHOT'

WHAT A CINCH! ONLY THE UNION HEADS KNOW I'M BEHIND THE KILLIN'S AN' THEY'RE AFRAID TO BLAB!



CEE-PICKIN'S IS SLIM, TONY.

YEAH TONK, BOYS THEN WE'LL MOVE INTO BIGGER DOUGH!

YEH! ALL THE STEVEDORES ARE ARMED!



THAT NIGHT - AS PETE HANSON PUTS THE ACE UNION DUES INTO THE SAFE -

CORIO! YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT - !!

HOIST 'EM UP, PAL!



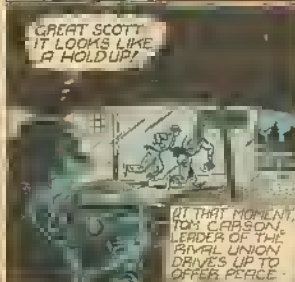


HA! DEAD MEN
TELL NO TALES!

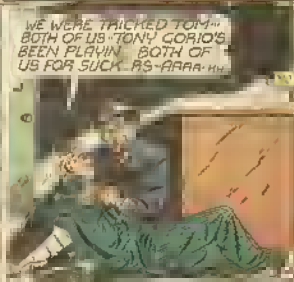


GEE, TONY THERE
MUST BE FIFTY
GRAND HERE!

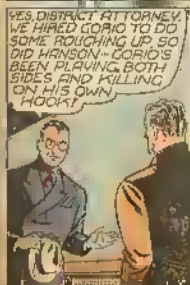
THAT'LL HOLD
US FOR
AWHILE!



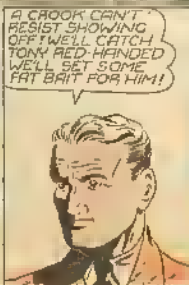
GREAT SCOTT
IT LOOKS LIKE
A HOLDUP!



WE WERE TRICKED TOM--
BOTH OF US--TONY GORIO'S
BEEN PLAYIN' BOTH OF
US FOR SUCK AS--AAAA--HH



YES, DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
WE HIRED GORIO TO DO
SOME ROUGHING UP SO
DID HANSON--GORIO'S
BEEN PLAYING BOTH
SIDES AND KILLING
ON HIS OWN
HOOK!



A CROOK CAN'T
RESIST SHOWING
OFF! WE'LL CATCH
TONY RED-HANDED!
WE'LL SET SOME
FAT BAIT FOR HIM!



CARSON, YOUR UNION'S
COLLECTING DUES
TONIGHT--TELL TONY
YOU WANT HIM TO
COME AND ACT
AS GUARD!

SWELL
IDEA--

CARSON CALLS GORIO TO HIS OFFICE.

WE'RE COLLECTING DUES TONIGHT AND I WANT YOU TO STICK AROUND AND GUARD THE MONEY.

SURE, BOSS.



HO! HOT! WHAT A SET-UP! HE WANTS US TO GUARD HIS DOUGH. WE'LL CLEAN UP, SCRAM TO CHI, AND START THE SAME RACKET AGAIN.



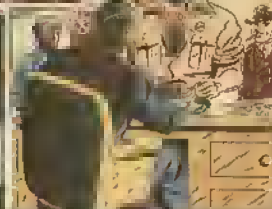
LOOK AT THAT COIN ROLL IN... IN HALF AN HOUR, IT'LL BE MINE!



BUT THE LAW IS CLOSING IN OUTSIDE, THE D.A. FIND THE POLICE ARRIVE.



THIS TONY IS A KILLER--SO LET HIM HAVE IT.



IN THE INNER OFFICE, CARSON PUTS THE MONEY INTO THE SAFE.



GUESS EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT NOW, TONY!

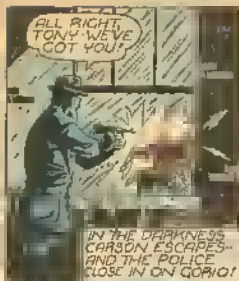
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! STICK 'EM UP...



SUDDENLY--THE LIGHTS GO OUT--GUNS BLAZE!

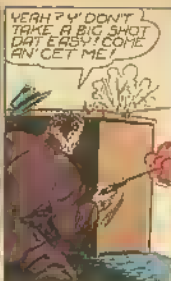


HEY! WHY YOU...

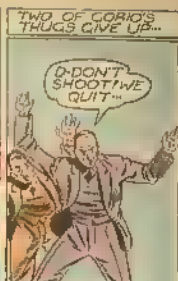


ALL RIGHT,
TONY-WEVE
GOT YOU!

IN THE DARKNESS
CARSON ESCAPES--
AND THE POLICE
CLOSE IN ON GARIO!



YEAH? Y'DON'T
TAKE A BIG SHOT
DAT EASY! COME
AN' GET ME!

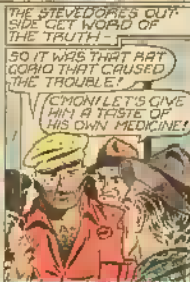


TWO OF GARIO'S
THUGS GIVE UP...

D-DON'T
SHOOT! WE
QUIT!



YA YELLOW
RATS!



THE STEVEDORES OUT-
SIDE GET WORD OF
THE TRUTH--

SO IT WAS THAT RAT
GARIO THAT CAUSED
THE TROUBLE?

C'MON! LET'S GIVE
HIM A TASTE OF
HIS OWN MEDICINE!



THERE'S THE
SKUNK, BOYS!



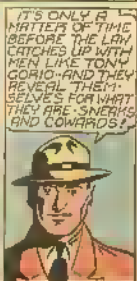
AT THE SIGHT OF THE
DETERMINED MEN,
TONY GARIO LOSES
HIS NERVE--HIS
GUN WAVE'S...



D-D-DON'T!
PLEASE
DON'T KILL
ME--!

YOU SNIVELIN'
COWARDLY
SNAKE!

HOLD IT!
WEVE HAD
ENOUGH
MURDERS!



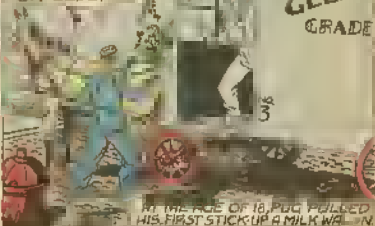
IT'S ONLY A
MATTER OF TIME
BEFORE THE LAW
CATCHES UP WITH
MEN LIKE TONY
GARIO--AND THEY
REVEAL THEM-
SELVES FOR WHAT
THEY ARE--SNEAKS
AND COWARDS!

GANG BUSTERS

BASED ON PHILLIPS K. LORD'S
FAMOUS RADIO FEATURE
COVERED BY PHILLIPS K. LORD AND
THE SEA GULL GANG!

PUG MILLER, LEADER OF THE SEA GULLS, THOUGHT HE SAW THE GOLDEN GATES OF WEALTH THROUGH A CAREER OF CRIME—BUT THE GATES LED—TO PRISON!

OK, GUY! STICK 'EM UP
AND HAND IT OVER—
OR ELSE!



AT THE AGE OF 18, PUG PULLED HIS FIRST STICK-UP A MILK WAGON.

PUG DISPLAYS HIS SUDDEN WEALTH TO HIS PAIRS...

LOOKIT! THIRTY-FIVE BUCKS! AND THE GUN I USED WAS A FAKE! WE'LL START A GANG AND CLEAN UP!

GEE-THIRTY FIVE BUCKS! OK, PUG! WE'RE WID YA



THE SEA GULLS, AS THE GANG CALLED THEMSELVES, BECAME THE TERROR OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

THAT EXPRESS TRUCK BOYS! GRAB ALL THE SMALL PACKAGES!



WHAT TH- HEY YO KIDS

KIDS, HEY! I'LL FIX DIS MUG!



THIS TIME THE GUN WAS REAL!



GEE, PUG! YOU CROAKED A GUY!

SO WHAT? NOW WE'RE GETTIN' INTO **BIG TIME!** NO MORE SMALL STUFF. I GOTTA IDEA FOR BIG DOLPH!

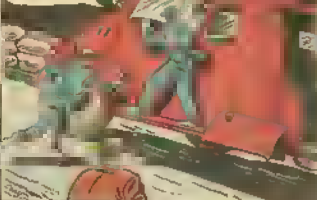


THAT NIGHT--A HUGE TRANSPORT TRUCK, LOADED WITH CIGARETTES, LABORS UP THE HILL TOWARD MIDLAND CITY--

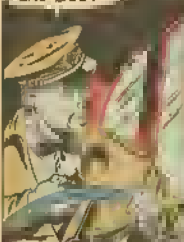


THE SEAGULLS START OUT TO MAKE BIG DOUGH!

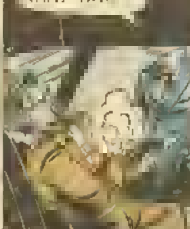
REACH! IT'S A STICK-UP!



OVER MY DEAD BODY!



O.K. IF YOU WANT IT THAT WAY!



THE GANG LOAD THE LOOT ON THEIR OWN TRUCK!

WE'LL TAKE THE STUFF TO "FENCE FAGAN."



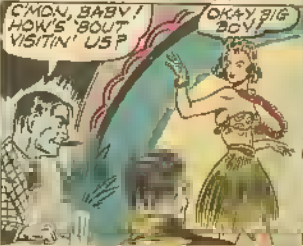
THE UNDERWORLD FENCE IS A READY CUSTOMER FOR THE STOLEN GOODS---



MMM-NICE HAUL, PUS! I'LL GIVE YOU A GOOD ICE!

O.K. WE'LL BRING YA A LOT MORE STUFF!

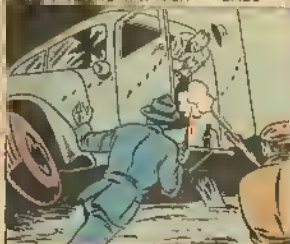
THE SEAGULLS LEARN HOW TO SPEND THEIR MONEY---



C'MON, BABY! HOW'S 'BOUT VISITIN' US?

OKAY, BIG BOY!

FROM THEN ON A PERIOD OF TERROR
SWEEP ALONG THE NIGHT ROADS---



EVEN PASSENGER BUSES FELL
PREY TO THE GANG'S RULE ---



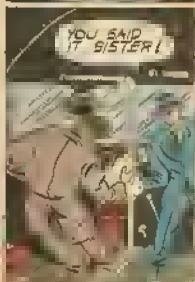
ALL RIGHT, SUCKERS!
TURN OUT YOUR
POCKETS.



I'M NOT GOING TO LET
'EM GET AWAY
WITH THIS, SIS---



YOU SAID
IT SISTER!



YOU MIGHT WELL
KILL ME, BECAUSE
I'LL NEVER REST
TILL THE POLICE
GET YOU... YOU
MURDERER!



YOU'RE LUCKY I
DON'T CROAK
YOU, TOO.



CHIEF WINSTON OF MIDLAND CITY CALLS A CONFERENCE--

THAT KILLER MUST BE CAUGHT-- THERE'S NOT A ROAD IN THE STATE THAT'S FREE FROM DANGER--



PUG'S CRIMINAL EGO URGES HIM TO GREATER CRIMES--

LOOK AT THIS PICTURE OF THE SILVER HAWK-- THE CRACK TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAIN-- IT'S TAKING A SHIPMENT OF GOLD FROM MIDLAND CITY!



SEE! YA MEAN TO HOLD UP A WHOLE TRAIN?

WHY NOT? JESSE JAMES DID IT! AND IM AS BIG A SHOT AS HIM!

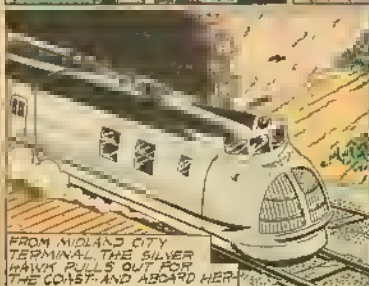


YOU GUYS BLOW UP THE CANYON WALLS AT SNAKE PASS. THE TRAIN WILL STOP! I'LL BE A PASSENGER AND SOFTEN UP THE CREW OF THE BAGGAGE CAR-- O.K.?



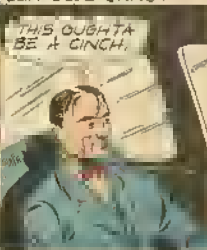
O.K., CHIEF--

AT THE NARROW DEFILE AT SNAKE PASS, PUG'S MEN SET THE CHARGE OF DYNAMITE--



FROM MIDLAND CITY TERMINAL, THE SILVER HAWK PULLS OUT FOR THE COAST-- AND ABOARD HER--

--IS THE HEAD OF THE SEA GULL GANG!



THIS OUGHTA BE A CINCH.

BUT A CROOK'S PAST ALWAYS REACHES OUT FOR HIM! ACROSS THE AISLE IS THE GIRL WHOSE BROTHER PUG MURDERED!

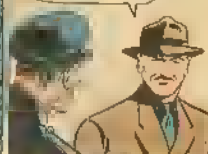
IT'S HIM! I'D KNOW HIM ANYWHERE!

I'M SURE! IT'S PUG MILLER, THE GANVSTER!

ALL RIGHT. WE HAVE A SHORT WAVE RADIO ABOARD. I'LL NOTIFY CHIEF WINSTON.

THE SILVER HAWK HAS RADIOED THAT PUG MILLER IS A PASSENGER!

THE GULLS ARE OUT AFTER THAT GOLD... RADIO THE TRAIN TO STOP AT WATER JUNCTION...



AT WATER JUNCTION, THE TRAIN COMES TO A STOP. THE POLICE QUIETLY BOARD THE TRAIN.

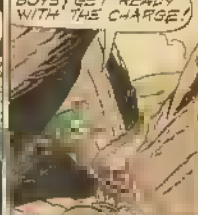
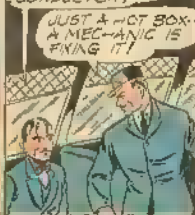
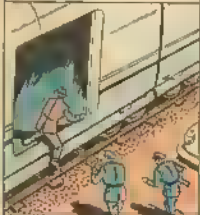
FOR A MOMENT PUG GETS SUSPICIOUS...

WHAT HAPPENED, CONDUCTOR?

JUST A HOT BOX. A MECHANIC IS FIXING IT!

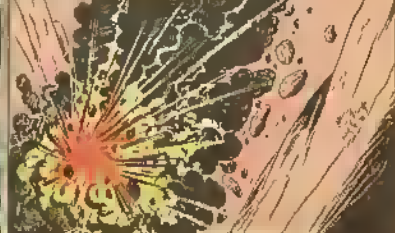
AT SNAKE PASS...

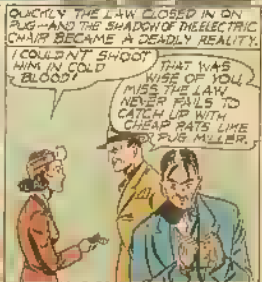
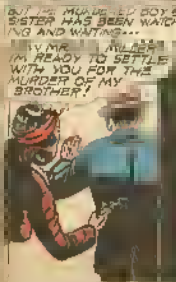
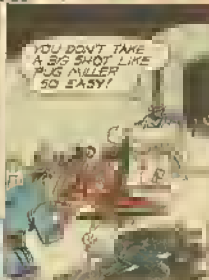
HERE SHE COMES BOYS! GET READY WITH THE CHARGE!



ON THE TRAIN, PUG SAUNTERS TOWARD THE BAGGAGE CAR -

THE CHARGE GOES OFF! SNAKE PASS IS BLOCKED!





GANG BUSTERS

COM. BY PHILLIPS H. LORD, INC.

BASED ON THE FAMOUS
PHILLIPS H. LORD RADIO
FEATURE

5. K SPANILLA OUT, INFS A NEW RACKET TO HIS MOB.

DE HOUSES BARED MID
23D IN' IS POSION SO
SKIP 'EM. WARDEYS OR
UDDER GUYS IN CIVILIAN
DEFENCE LIVE DESE.

IVE GIVES
DE WOKES
TO DE REST!



WHEN YER RING A BELL
STICK A BOND ON YER
ARM AND ACT OFFICIAL.



MRS. MALONE HAS A CALLER...

BUT THIS 'BLACKOUT
PROTECTIVE SOCIETY'
I NEVER HEARD OF IT!

JUST KICK IN 100
FIVE BUCKS AN'
YER DON'T HAVE
TER WORRY NONE.



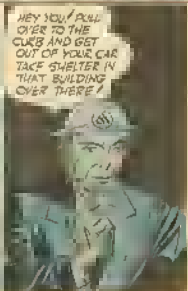
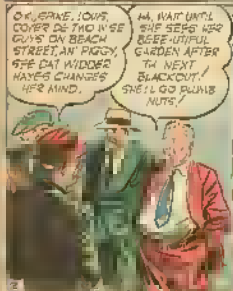
WELL, ALL RIGHT,
BUT I DIDN'T
KNOW 'BLACK-
OUTS WERE SO
DANGEROUS.

YER A WISE DAME, LADY.
WOYNT BE DANGEROUS
FER YOU AS LONG AS YER
A MEMBER OF DE
SOCIETY.



EASY PICKINS,
SOY, IS DIS A
RACKET!





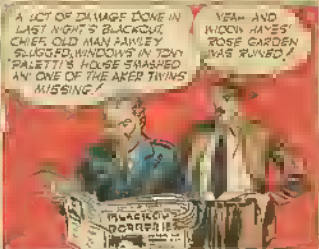
MINISTER SHADOWS' ADIE ABOUT IN THE PROTECTING BLACKNESS.



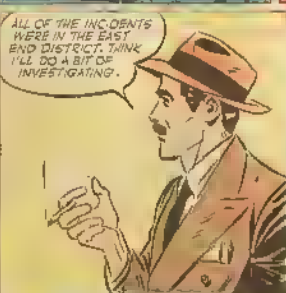
NEXT MORNING, CHIEF WINSTON SEES SOME DISTURBING NEWS IN THE PAPER

A LOT OF DAMAGE DONE IN LAST NIGHT'S BLACKOUT. CHIEF, OLD MAN FARLEY SLUGGED, WIDOWS IN TONY PALETTI'S HOUSE SMASHED AN' ONE OF THE AKER TWIN'S MISSING.

YEAH AND WIDOW HAYES' ROSE GARDEN WAS RUINED.



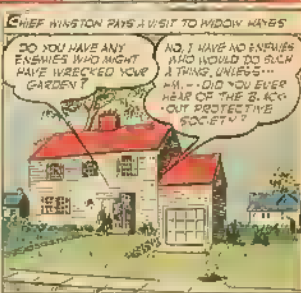
ALL OF THE INCIDENTS WERE IN THE EAST END DISTRICT. THINK I'LL DO A BIT OF INVESTIGATING.



CHIEF WINSTON PAYS A VISIT TO WIDOW HAYES

DO YOU HAVE ANY ENEMIES WHO MIGHT HAVE WRECKED YOUR GARDEN?

NO, I HAVE NO ENEMIES WHO WOULD DO SUCH A THING, UNLESS...
M... DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE BLACKOUT PROTECTIVE SOCIETY?



WRY, NO WHAT SORT OF A SOCIETY IS THAT?

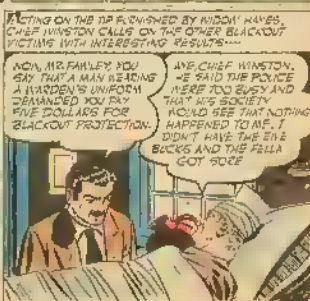
I REFUSED TO PAY A MAN FIVE DOLLARS FOR PROTECTION DURING A BLACKOUT AND HE WAS QUITE NASTY ABOUT IT.



ACTING ON THE TIP FURNISHED BY WIDOW HAYES, CHIEF WINSTON CALLS ON THE OTHER BLACKOUT VICTIMS WITH INTERESTING RESULTS...

NO, MR. FARLEY, YOU SAY THAT A MAN WEARING A GARDEN'S UNIFORM DEMANDED YOU PAY FIVE DOLLARS FOR BLACKOUT PROTECTION.

AH, CHIEF WINSTON, HE SAID THE POLICE WERE TOO BUSY AND THAT HIS SOCIETY WOULD SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENED TO ME. I DIDN'T HAVE THE FIVE BUCKS AND THE FELLA GOT SORE.



THE AKER HOUSEHOLD IS GREATLY UPSET OVER THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ONE OF THE TWINS

I SUPPOSE YOU, TOO, REFUSED TO SUBSCRIBE TO BLACKOUT PROTECTION.

YES, NOW DID YOU KNOW I FEEL SAID NOT TO SAY ANYTHING TO ANYBODY ABOUT IT BECAUSE MAYBE IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH---

NOW DON'T WORRY. YOUR CHILD WILL BE BROUGHT BACK, OK THEN HOW, DYT P, LL A SNATCH FOR FIVE BUCKS. WHEN THE MAN COMES BACK, PAY HIM AND ACT SCARED. TRY TO REMEMBER HIS FACE.

MEANWHILE, SILK AND HIS MOB PREPARE FOR FURTHER ACTION....

NOW TELL DAT AKER DAT FIVE BUCKS IS DE PROTECTION FEE BUT DAT IT WILL TAKE FIFTY FER DE EXTRA SERVICE OF GETTIN HIS SPAT BACK.

BETTER SEND SOMEBOY ELSE TO LAFES. I GOT ALL CUT UP ON THEM ROSE BUSHES.

TONY FALETTI ALSO HAS A VISITOR---

AW, NOW, TONY, DAT'S A SHAME, YER NICE WINDOWS SMASHED AN' SUCH. NOW SEE IF YER BELONGS TER DE SOCIETY, TINGS LIKE DAT WON'T HAPPEN.

EVERYBODY'S KICKED IN NOW BUT TONY FALETTI HE NEEDS ANUDDER TREATMENT BOSS

ED. DAYANON, DIRECTOR OF CIVILIAN DEFENSE, HAS AN UNEXPECTED CALLER---

WHY OF COURSE CHIEF WINSTON I WANT TO CO-OPERATE WITH YOU BUT ANOTHER BLACKOUT SO SOON IS-- ER-- QUITE IRREGULAR.

THE EXERCISE WILL NOT HURT YOUR HARDENS ANY, COLOREL AND I THINK IT WILL PROVE PROFITABLE TO CIVILIAN WELFARE.

"REEK, Y'LL" SPARKLELLA'S TIPPED OFF...

MY AUNT'S A BAD AT
SENIOR WARDEN MACY'S
HOUSE, JUST PHONED
ME THAT THERE IS
GONNA BE ANOTHER
BLACKOUT AT NINE.

FINE, CASE
PALETTI'S
JOINT AN'
GET READY
TER GIVE
HIM LESSON
NO TWO!



JUST BEFORE NINE O'CLOCK SEVERAL QUESTIONABLE
CHARACTERS HAPPEN TO BE IN FRONT OF TONY
PALETTI'S HOME.



AT NINE O'CLOCK, WAILING SIRENS ANNOUNCE AN
ALERT AND THE CITY BLACKS OUT.



O.K. NOW SPIKE,
WE BARGE
RIGHT IN AN'
WRECK DE
JOINT!

TWO OF THE BOYS HAVE
GONE AROUND BACK IN
CASE TONY TRIES TO
SCRAM.



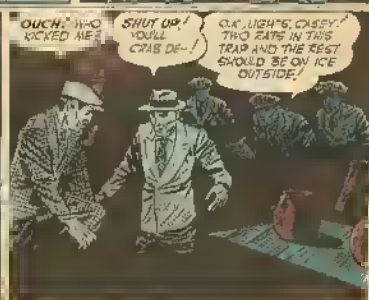
WHO DAT?
SOMEBODY
BUSTA-IN!
WHATA
YOU WANT?



OUCH! WHO
KICKED ME?

SHUT UP!
YOU'LL
CRAB DE--!

O.K. LIGHTS, CASEY!
TWO RATS IN THIS
TRAP AND THE REST
SHOULD BE ON ICE
OUTSIDE!



15 YR OF "SILK" SPANELLA'S MOB ARE CAUGHT
RED-HANDED!

HAI YOU GETTA
FEEL NOW?

PIPE DOWN, TONY.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO
WORRY ABOUT THESE
SUGS ANYMORE.



HEY, TURN
OUT TH
LIGHTS

TAKE IT EASY, JOE, WE PUT
ON THOSE LIGHTS AN' THE
ALERT IS ALL OVER ANYWAY



OK, COPPERS, I'LL
GO ALONG BUT YER
AIN'T GOT NUTTING
ON ME, SEE?

THAT'S FOR THE
CHIEF TO SAY,
BIG SHOT, GET
GOIN'!



NICE PACK
OF WOLVES,
I MUST SAY,
HOW ABOUT
YOU, SILK?

YER NUTS, CHIEF, JES 'CAUSE
ME BOYS HAS CUT DOWN A
BLACKOUT YER TINK DEY'RE
UP TO SUMPIN'!



SILK, YOU'RE WASHED UP! THIS FIFTY,
JUST TAKEN FROM YOUR WALLET, WAS
MARKED BY ME, AND PLANTED WITH
FRED AKEE. ONE OF YOUR BOYS WAS
THE COLLECTOR AND HE TOLD WHERE
YOU HID THE KID.



SO YOU BUSTED
THE "BLACKOUT
RACKET, EH CHIEF?

YES, FRANK, YOU CAN PRINT
IN YOUR PAPER THAT THE
OFFICE OF CIVILIAN DEFENSE
AND THE POLICE WILL
PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY
AND ANYONE SELLING
PROTECTION SHOULD BE
REPORTED.



"THE SILK HAT GANG"

GANG BUSTERS

.....LED BY SPARKIE TRAVERS, SNEAK THIEF AND GANGSTER, WHO THOUGHT HE COULD BEAT THE LAW. HE DID, FOR AWHILE... BUT SOONER OR LATER, THE LAW CATCHES UP WITH THEM!

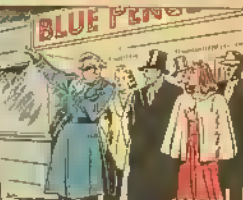


BASED ON
PHILLIP H. LOAD'S
FAMOUS RADIO
FEATURE

COLOR, 16-2, BY PHILIP H. LOAD, ETC.

WHILE STANDING OUTSIDE OF A FASHIONABLE NIGHT CLUB SPARKIE TRAVERS SEES AN EASY SHORT CUT TO RICHES...

LOOK AT THE ICE ON THOSE DAMES / GOT AN IDEA FOR EASY DOUGH. WE'LL GET FLASH LILY IN ON IT!



NEXT EVENING... SPARKIE DRESSES HIMSELF, GYR AND FLASH LILY. HIS GUN MOLL, IN EVENING CLOTHES.

GYR, YOU FOLLOW UP IN THE CAR LILY AND ME'LL PULL THE JOB!

WE OUGHT TO COME BACK LOADED WITH ICE!

OK!



OUTSIDE THE BLUE PENGUIN AT 3 A.M.

OK LIL, WE'LL TAKE THESE TWO!



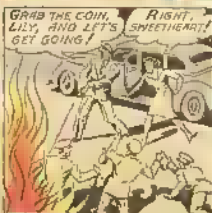
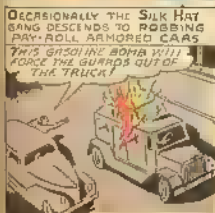
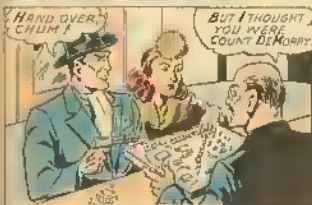
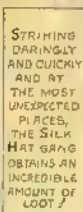
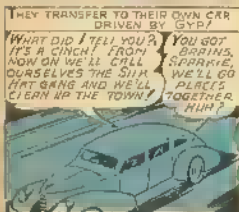
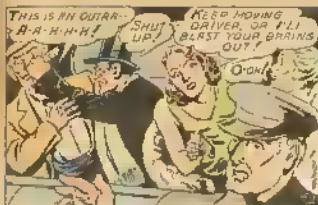
EXCUSE ME... BUT HAVE YOU A LIGHT, OLD CHAP?

WHY CERTAINLY!



WE'RE TAKING YOU FOR A LITTLE RIDE, CHUM. GET INTO THE CAR AND DON'T OPEN YOUR YAP!





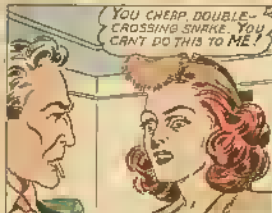
IT LOOKS AS IF THE SILK HAT GANG HAS OUTWITTED THE POLICE AT EVERY TURN... BUT SOONER OR LATER THERE IS A SLIP... ONE DAY LILY COMES HOME AND FINDS...

--THAT SPARKIE HAS TIRED OF HER!

MEET BLONDIE LILY. SHE'S JOINING THE GANG.



YOU CHEAP, DOUBLE-CROSSING SNAKE. YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

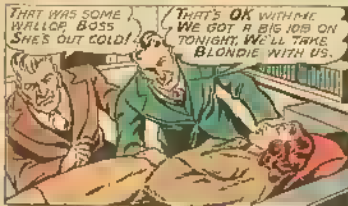


WHO SAYS I CAN'T!



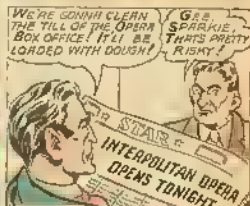
THAT WAS SOME WALLUP, BOSS. SHE'S OUT COLD!

THAT'S OK WITH ME. WE GOT A BIG JOB ON TONIGHT. WE'LL TAKE BLONDIE WITH US.



WE'RE GONNA CLEAN THE TILL OF THE OPERA BOX OFFICE! IT'LL BE LOADED WITH DOUGH!

GAB, SPARKIE, THAT'S PRETTY RISKY!



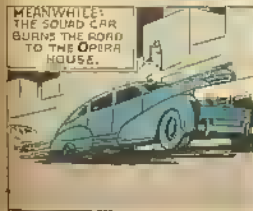
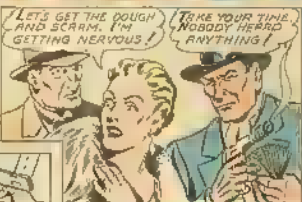
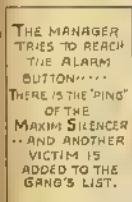
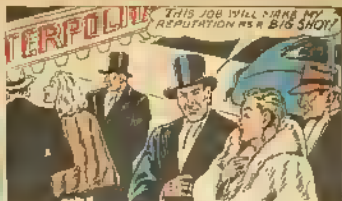
LILY COMES TO AND HEARS THE PLAN.

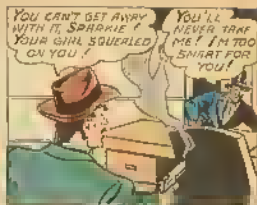
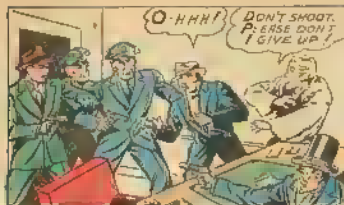


WHEN THE GANG HAS GONE, LILY--MAD WITH JEALOUSY, CALLS UP CHIEF WINSTON'S OFFICE

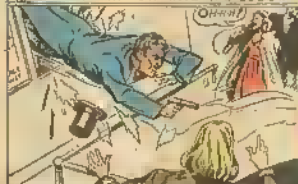
HELLO, CHIEF WINSTON? HERE'S A HOT TIP. THE SILK HAT GANG ARE ON THE WAY TO HOLD UP THE INTERPOLITAN BOX OFFICE!



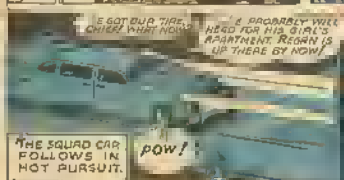




SPARKIE MAKES A DIVE THROUGH THE BOX OFFICE WINDOW INTO THE LOBBY.



GET GOING OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!



NEAR THE HIDEOUT, SPARKIE KILLS THE CHAUFFEUR IN COLD BLOOD.

